THE TOWN.

NUMBER IV.

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1807.

Parve . . . . . sine me, liber, ibis in URBEM:
(Hei mihi!) quo domino non licet ire tuo.
Vade.—— OVID.

THE THEATRE.

Wednesday, January 7.

GOLDSMITH's very pleasing comedy, of *She Stoops to Conquer*, drew but a thin house. What GOLDSMITH charges, upon the elevated sentimental comedy, might almost seem to have been produced by his own. 'When I undertook to write a comedy,' says this writer, in his preface to his Good-Natured Man, 'I confess I was strongly prepossed in favour of the poets of the last age, and strove to imitate them. The term, genteel comedy, was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired, by an audience, than nature and humour, in whatever walk of life they were most conspicuous. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and therefore to delineate character has been his principal aim. Those who know any thing of composition, are sensible, that in pursuing humour, it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean; I was even tempted to look for it in the master of a spunging-house; but, in deference of public taste, grown of late, perhaps, too delicate, the scene of the bailiffs was retrenched in the representation. In deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The author submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from ours, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed, the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and Moliere from the stage, but it has *banished all spectators too.*'

On the production of *She Stoops to Conquer*, of the anxiety respecting which we have already copied an excellent picture, the favour of the public, in regard to a comedy resting its chief pretensions on character and humour, to the exclusion of what, in this place, we may call, the sentimentality of a more modern school; the favour of the public was further bespoke, by an agreeable prologue, from the pen of Garrick, in which a dull morality is burlesqued.—In our opinion, much is to be said, for each school; and, if we may find fault with the production of so charming a writer, we are obliged to say, that it is in character and humour themselves, deficient.—There is but little humour, we think, in the *horse-pond;* and, to say nothing of the revolting improbability, that the leading mistake [illegible] it committed, should be continued, it is beyond the sphere of belief, that without any sufficient motive, *Young Marlow* should be maintained in his error.

PROLOGUE.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Enter Mr. Woodward, *dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes,*

Excuse me, sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week.
"'Tis not alone this mourning suit," good masters:
"I've that within"—for which their are no plasters!
Pray, would you know the reason why I'm crying?
The comic muse, long sick, is now a dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
For as a play'r I can't squeeze out one drop;
I am undone, that's all—shall loose my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—loose my head.
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier
Shuter and I shall be chief mourners here.
To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in Sentimentals, will succeed!
Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents;
We can as soon speak Greek as Sentiments!
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do!—If Comedy forsake us!
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.
But, why can't I be moral?—Let me try—
My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—
With a sententious look, that nothing means,
(Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes.)
Thus I begin—"All is not gold that glitters,
"Pleasures seem sweet, but prove a glass of bitters.
"When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand:
"Learning is better far than house and land,
"Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,
"And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble."
I give it up—morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh, I must play tragedy.
One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
A Doctor comes this night to shew his skill.
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He, in Five Draughts prepar'd, presents a potion;
A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd,
If you will swallow it, the maid is cur'd:
But desperate the doctor, and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces!
This truth he boasts, will [illegible]

Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree ;
If not, within he will receive no fee !
The college you, must his pretentions back,
Pronounce him Regular, or dub him Quack.

WE learn that *Tony Lumpkin* is a character in which Mr. Twaits is thought to excel; and he certainly played it with a degree of chasteness with which we had scarcely flattered ourselves. Mrs. Darley was a very pretty *Miss Hardcastle*, and Mr. Harwood, in *Young Marlow*, the main support of the piece. Mr. Martin was an insipid *Hastings*. Mr. Hogg and Mrs. Simpson had not learned their parts. Mr. Hogg's suppressed anger was feebly given. In the *argumentum ad hominem*—'I believe, Dorothy, you'll own I have been pretty fond of an *old* wife'—a coaxing smile should have accompanied the words; and the reply, *add twenty to twenty, makes just fifty-seven*, should obviously be said jocosely. Miss *Neville's* pretty *Maid* should not always deny her face to the audience.

This Evening, *January* 9, Mr. Colman's play of *The Iron Chest*—and *High Life Below Stairs*.

On Monday, *Macbeth* is to be repeated; and, on this occasion, we request, of Mr. Tyler, that more emphasis may be given to the speech of Hecate,

Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy and over-bold ?

We also venture to request, that he will give the *whole* of the speech, which is in the nature of the ancient chorus, and well prepares the audience for what is to follow—much better, we apprehend, than the words and music newly introduced, however excellent, and however beautiful the scene.

This scene, as being printed only in those editions of *Macbeth* which are taken from the prompt-books of theatres, we insert here, in the belief that it will be acceptable to our readers.

ACT III. SCENE V.

SPIRITS *descend in* HECATE'S *Chair*.

1 *Spir.* Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! O, come away!
Hec. Hark! I am call'd;—my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.
2 *Spir.* Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! O, come away!
Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may.—
Where's Stadlin?
3*d Spir.* Here;—
Hec. Where's Puckle?
4*th Spir.* Here;—
5 *Spir.* And Happo too, and Hellwaine too;
6 *Spir.* We want but you, we want but you.

Enter the Chorus of WITCHES.

Chor. Come away, make up the count.
Hec. With new fall'n dew,
From churchyard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
1 *Spir.* Why thou stay'st so long, I muse.
Hec. Tell me, Spirit, tell what news?
2 *Spir.* All goes fair for our delight.
Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.
[*Hecate places herself in her Chair.*
Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail in the air,
While the moon shines fair,
To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains
[illegible] our mistress' fountains,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
Chor. We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
[*Hecate and the Spirits ascend,—the Witches exeunt.*

In the succeeding scene, there is an error of punctuation, as we think must be allowed, let the editions which support it be as numerous as they may:

1*st Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2*d Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Here, the second *Witch* is made to confirm the assertion of the first, that '*thrice* the brinded cat hath mew'd;' but Shakspeare assuredly meant,

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Why then not four times?—'Odd numbers are used in all enchantments,' say the commentators, 'even numbers being always reckoned inauspicious.'—Observe, then, the trick of divination, to divide an even number into odd ones; not *four*, but *one* and *three*.

We have given the praise, that is due, to one of the interpolated scenes, just inserted. We cannot speak so favourably of the others.

ACT II. SCENE II.

A Wood on the Skirt of a Heath.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter the three WITCHES, *and a chorus of* WICTHES.

1 *Witch.* Speak, sister, speak,—is the deed done?
2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago, ;
Above twelve glasses since have run.
3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Nor single; following crimes on former wait;
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Chor. Many more murders must this one ensue;
Dread horrors still abound,
And every place resound,
As if in death were found
Propagation too.
1 *Witch.* He must,—
2 *Witch.* He shall,—
3 *Witch.* He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.
1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2 *Witch.* Agreed.
3 *Witch.* Agreed.
Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
1 *Witch.* When cattle die, about we go;
When lightning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What shall we do?
Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.
2 *Witch.* When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do?
Chor. Rejoice, we should rejoice.
3 *Witch.* Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
1 *Witch.* Sometimes like brinded cats we show,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhime,—
Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.
2 *Witch.* Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetles singing drowsy hums;
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
And when with none of these we meet,—
Chor. We dance to the echoes of our feet.

3 *Witch.* At the night raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble, we rejoice.
Chor. And nimbly, nimbly, dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill. [*Exeunt.*

Though the music, here, as in the former instance, is excellent, it has nothing characteristic, it is too long, and the words are very poor. Still worse is the addition, of a later date, by or under the superintendance of Mr. Kemble, and of which we observe that our manager has the grace to leave out the three first speeches.

1 *Spir.* Tiffin, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in.
2 *Spir.* Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky.
3 *Spir.* Liard, Robin,
You must bob in.
Chor. Around, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keep out!
4 *Spir.* Here's the blood of a bat.
Hec. Put in that, put in that.
5 *Spir.* Here's Libbard' brain.
Hec. Put in a grain.
6 *Spir.* Here's juice of toad, and oil of adder;
Those will make the charm grow madder.
Hec. Put in all these, 'twill raise a pois'nous stench!
Hold—here's three ounces of a red hair'd wench.
Chor. Around, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keep out!

The 'three ounces of a red-haired wench,' is as absurd as it is offensive.

Of the grand gothic scene, we must finally observe, that the groined and fretted roof is admirable, and such as well supports the opinion we gave of Mr. Holland's skill, in representing the interior of gothic buildings. Of the rest, which is as plain and trivial, as it can well be, we say that it is good, but not grand. The intention of the side scenes is manifest and judicious, that of bringing the action more into the centre of the stage, than if, as has been usual, one of the stage-doors were supposed to be that of *Duncan*'s chamber. We see no good reason, however, for the *steps;* these multiply the detail, and add nothing to the effect.—We have said, that this ought to be a gallery leading to *Duncan*'s chamber; and so it certainly ought, for it belongs to the ordonnance of antique buildings, that a lodging-room should open into such a gallery. The truth is, however, that some poetical licence appears to be necessary in this scene. We want, and we have, the *gallery*, because it affords us a distinct idea of the murder; but, the great door, at which *Macduff*, *Lenox* and *Leyton* enter, belongs to the hall, in which we cannot suppose the king to sleep. —Now, though the knocking (and vile knocking they gave us, at our theatre) be 'at the south entry,' yet the opening of the door gives us an idea, distinct like the former—of the admission of guests—and the effect is perhaps desirable. It might not be so well, if the gallery were completely such, if the scene represented but one place at a time, and if *Macduff*, &c. entered in the ordinary manner, from the P. S. or O. P.

LITERATURE.

In pursuance of that part of our design, which constitutes THE TOWN, a literary journal, we have inserted, in a preceding number, a complete list of the latest publications, from the British press, of which any notice has yet reached this continent. We shall give a similar list of the new publications and editions of the United States.

There is no class of readers to which, as we presume, these can be uninteresting articles. As to what respects the world of literature, *they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time*. They put us into possession, not indeed of what is projected, but of what is done. They show the topics which actually engage or are presented to the public mind. They are authentic documents, by which we are made acquainted with the passing hour.

By the subdivision of these lists, under the heads of *Agriculture*, *Biography*, *Botany*, *&c.* a facility of reference is afforded, well calculated toaccommodate the peculiar taste of every reader, who finds, with ease, the new publications, few or many, which belong to his favourite class; while, to those who love to survey letters in their entire circle, nothing can be more agreeable than these assemblages of *facts*, furnishing so many *data* to the mind.

I. Under one point of view, we hesitated, for a moment, to give lists of this kind a place in THE TOWN. We considered that the newspapers contain, from time, lists of the books imported into America, and it appeared to us, as it may to some of our readers, that the public was thus sufficiently supplied with this species of literary intelligence. On a little reflection, however, we were clearly convinced, that the advertisements of the booksellers could be no succedaneum to the lists we had proposed to publish. Our lists of European publications are not lists only of books imported, but of all such as have issued from the press. By their assistance, therefore, the reader's choice of books is extended; he is not limited to those, which the American booksellers have happended to receive from their correspondents, but he may give orders, from among the whole, for such as he thinks proper.

II. So much for the benefit of the purchasers of books; but, if these lists be seen in the light already hinted at, that of articles of literary information, it will be acknowledged that they do that which is within the sphere of no bookseller's advertisement. Those advertisements are transcripts of invoices, in which old books are mixed with new. They may set forth the titles of books which a bookseller has newly received, but there is no exclusion, in favour of books newly published. Only such lists, then, as that given in our preceding number, can contribute to the illustration of the literary history of the time. Nor is it literary history only that they illustrate. A glance, over that referred to, will evince that they illustrate the state of arts, sciences, manners, politics and opinions, in the country to which they belong. In the delineation of a people, it goes far, if we are told what are the books they read. It is an additional assistance, if we are told in what degree those books circulated. These and other correlative views, induce us to subjoin the article which immediately follows, and will actuate us on future occasions.

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The following account of the number of copies said to be regularly sold of the principal London Magazines and Reviews, has lately appeared in several respectable journals and newspapers.

	Copies.
The Monthly Magazine - - - -	5000
Monthly Review - - - -	4250
Gentleman's Magazine - - -	3500
European Magazine - - - -	3500
Ladies' Magazine - - - -	3000
Medical and Physical Journal - -	2250

British Critic - - - - -	2000
Universal Magazine - - - -	2000
Journal of new Voyages and Travels	1500
Philosophical Magazine - - -	1250
Anti-Jacobin Review - - -	1220
Critical Review - - - -	1250
Monthly Mirror - - - -	1000
Nicholson's Journal - - - -	1000

—

Mr. Henry Siddons has prepared for immediate publication a full and copious work on the Theory of Gesture and Action, which is to be illustrated by upwards of sixty engravings of characteristic figures, by an ameteur. The foundation of his Treatise is the well-known work of Mr. Engel, which he has in a certain degree translated, with such variations and additions as the practice of rhetoric in England rendered necessary. This, in the original, is a very valuable work. We hope that the translator will not omit to add M. Engel's *Letter on Musical Painting*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Editor,

The following stanzas were written at sea, by a young gentleman, who left his native country in search of fortune, leaving a lady, to whom he was affianced, in ill health.

ELEGY.

The wafted vessel bears its rapid way,
The white spread sail the glitt'ring billow sweeps,
On the smooth surface gentle breezes play,
While, in its bosom hush'd, the tempest sleeps!

Deceitful calm! there lurks the rock beneath,
Engines of death from distant shores resound,
Nations, in arms, fierce threats of murder breathe,
And the wild tempest wakes to howl around!

Yet, ah! no terrors bear the storm to me,
Nor rides the danger on the furious wind!
The sigh of sorrow heaves alone for thee,
For thee, Eliza! sadd'ning left behind!

Come, Fancy, aid me, my despair to trace,
Thou bitter friend, ne'er summon'd yet in vain;
Thou busy fiend! thou, who delight'st to chase
Each sweet remembrance from my tortur'd brain!

Not thou, whose fingers drop the fragrant rose,
To cheat awhile the flinty path of woe,
But thou, array'd in grief, to mock repose
And speed with double force the destin'd blow!

Tell me, my love, by hidden sorrow prest,
Hastes to her last sad refuge in the tomb,
No love, like mine, to sooth her aching breast,
To snatch my treasure from its fatal doom!

Tell me, the tear, that on her pillow falls,
Speaks the sad anguish of unhappy love;
Each struggling sigh with fond affection calls
On him, for gold (hard fate!) compelled to rove!

Weep, madman! Hope affords no cheering ray,
Lost is the pearl no fortune can replace;
The pearl the base Judæan cast away,
More worth, alas! than all his vagrant race!

Pale is her lip, where love his revels kept!
Pale is her cheek, where beauty dwelt in smiles!
With mis'ry watchful, eyes that calmly slept,
Or, waking, beam'd affection's sweetest wiles!

I toil for thee, for thee my hopes are fled,
And fondly clings the vision to my heart,
Of sweet retirement, in some humble shed,
Bound to thy fate, my love, no more to part!

And oft, methinks, upon the distant wind,
Thy sweet voice murmurs at my long delay;
Yet bids me, to my hapless fate resign'd,
Amid the gloom—muse on a happier day!

—

MY SCISSORS.

De alieno corio ludit.

The tender strain of thought, the beauty of the images, and the elegant simplicity of the translation, unite to recommend this production of Jacobi.

Tell me where's the vi'let fled,
Late so gaily blowing,
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
Choicest sweets bestowing?
Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,
And the vi'let blooms no more!

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning,
Garland meet for beauty's brows,
Hill and dale adorning?
Gentle maid, the summer's fled,
And the hopeless rose is dead!

Bear me, then, to yonder rill,
Late so sweetly flowing,
Wat'ring many a daffodil,
On its margin glowing—
Sun and wind exhausts its store,
Yonder riv'let glides no more.

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Lov'd resort of yout h and maid,
Am'rous ditty chaunting—
Hail and storm with fury show'r,
Leafless mourns the rifled bow'r!

Say, where bides the village maid,
Late yon cot adorning?
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning—
Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!
Seek her in her grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
Who, of rural pleasures,
Rose and vi'let, rill and plain,
Sung in softest measures?
Maiden, swift life's vision flies!
Death has clos'd the poet's eyes!

—

EPIGRAM.

Swans sing before they die;—'twere no bad thing,
Should certain persons die before they sing.

—

ERRATA.—In the letter of Roger De Coverly, by the change of one word and the omission of another in the sentence beginning, "Sir, the ladies of your city," the sense is materially changed: Corrected it stands thus: "Sir the ladies of your city, though it might be going too far to assert that none could dance better, dance extremely well."

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